

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



Vol. 59

No.

5

OCTOBER, 1926

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Our Dumb Animals

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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IN a recent race between airplanes and carrier pigeons, the airplanes won by three minutes, though traveling sixteen miles farther than the birds.

THE *Toledo Times* in a despatch from Leningrad says, "More than 200,000 seals were killed here this season, the unusual success this year being due mainly to the use of airplanes in locating the herd."

UNDER the Protection of Animals Act of Great Britain any person who fails to make provision for his pets, such as cats and dogs or birds, in his absence on a vacation or for any other reason, is liable to a fine up to \$125 and three months' imprisonment.

FOR running over and killing a valuable dog and not stopping, the owner of a car in West London was fined by the court \$450 and costs. The chauffeur was driving. The owner was in the car and looked back and saw the dog lying, as he admitted, evidently dead.

EMIL GLATT of Lincoln, Nebraska, has entered suit against the Roy Page Flying School next his poultry yards on the ground that not only have the airplanes so affected his hens that they have dropped off in egg production 25 per cent, but many have died.

AMONG the gracious hosts and hostesses in whose hospitality the president of our Societies shared two years ago when attending the Hundredth Anniversary of the Royal S. P. C. A. were Sir Harry and Lady Brittain. To Sir Harry, a member of Parliament, the *Animal World* says great thanks are due for the passing of the Protection of Birds Act.

WHEN a Regius Professor of Oxford University speaks he is generally supposed to say something worth hearing or reading. Many will remember that Sir William Osler was Regius Professor of Medicine in Oxford. We hope our readers will not miss the article published elsewhere in our columns by Professor E. A. Freeman of Oxford on "The Morality of Field Sports."

GOOD WILL OR GOLD

GOOD WILL—have they become hackneyed—these two ancient words? Still they stand for that which has in it the breaking down of many a barrier between men and nations, the triumph of the spirit which disarms prejudice, intolerance, and hostility, and which stays the hand that would unsheath the sword.

How far are we as a nation freighted our ships that cross the seas with this imponderable but precious cargo, how far speaking to other lands through our press the words that win their friendship, how far through those who represent us in affairs of state saying to the world that America stands before mankind with higher ideals than those of self aggrandizement and material advancement?

Rightly or wrongly—what does it matter—Europe is steadily growing distrustful of our boasted idealism as a people who, in the words of Goldwin Smith, put "Humanity above all Nations," and would rather be the servant of all than the dreaded rival of all. It is in Ecclesiasticus, if we remember rightly, that we read of a faithful friend that "the weight of gold and silver is not to be compared to the goodness of his faith." Is this any less true of the friendship of a nation than of an individual? Of course business is business, but will the insistence upon the payment always of a just debt be worth as much as friendship and good will?

Surely we have prospered since the great war far beyond all the other nations of the world, indeed grown rich while other peoples have struggled under crushing burdens and serious financial depressions. In the days of gloom and fear, when Europe was aflame with war we proved how strong and deep in the heart of our people was the spirit of a noble friendship. Our fine, unselfish moral and material support was recognized wherever our name was spoken. Whose is the fault that the world thinks so differently of us today? Why this deepening hostility, absolutely undeniable, on the part of Europe toward America? Shall we lay it at the door of England and France and Belgium and Italy? Is it not really because we have said, "Business is one thing and sentiment is another, and in international affairs where money

is concerned we cannot afford to let the latter interfere with the former"? If mercy means the spirit that a Christian nation is supposed to manifest, if it stands sometimes over against strict justice, asking less than justice claims her due, still it blesses him who gives, yes, more even than him who takes. Is here no blessing for us to covet? "Fear not," said Sir Thomas Browne three hundred years ago, "to be undone by mercy."

Who that reads in the September issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* the paper by The Right Honorable Philip Snowden, member of the British Privy Council, can fail to understand how America, by her attitude toward the Allies in the matter of debts, is bound to injure her own future financially, to say nothing of losing what is of vastly greater moment, not only the Allies' but humanity's faith in her as a great and generous people? Could the heart of America find expression, would it not say, "More to us a thousandfold the good will and friendship of Europe than all the gold and silver we might drain from her depleted exchequers in the name of an exacting justice?"

HOW FAR HAVE WE ADVANCED

FROM the Fifth Book of Manu, compiled perhaps more than two thousand years ago, we reproduce the following:

"He who consents to the death of an animal; he who kills it; he who dissects it; he who buys it; he who sells it; he who dresses it; he who serves it; and he who makes it his food: these are eight principals in the slaughter."

"He who injures animals that are not injurious, from a wish to give himself pleasure, adds nothing to his own happiness, living or dead."

"While he who gives no creature willingly the pain of confinement or death, but seeks the good of all sentient beings, enjoys bliss without end."

"Flesh meat cannot be procured without injury to animals, and the slaughter of animals obstructs the path to beatitude. From flesh meat, therefore, let man abstain. The man who forsakes not the law and eats not flesh meat shall attain good in this world and shall not be afflicted with maladies."

RODEO CRUELTY STIRS HUMANITARIANS

JACK LONDON CLUB DENOUNCES INHUMANE AND LOW-GRADE FORMS OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT

THE traveling menagerie has been abolished in Sweden on account of the suffering it entails upon animals in transit.

FLORIDA has a law which prohibits the exhibition of any physically distorted or malformed bird, animal, or human being, to which an admission is charged. It bars out the "freak" shows at circuses and summer resorts.

THE Anti-Rodeo League of Chicago writes us, "We are very hopeful that as a result of our work the Chicago rodeo show will be eliminated after this year. Very few dare combat the Chicago Association of Commerce with its powerful financial backing." We wish this League every possible success. They are fighting against great odds. If they win it will be a splendid victory.

A SPECIAL from the *Christian Science Monitor* Bureau sent from Chicago says, "Every place in Minnesota where rodeos have been held this season" is through with such exhibitions, and reports have been given to the Minnesota S. P. C. A. that they will never have another rodeo. The fact appears to be that the S. P. C. A. so eliminated everything in the way of cruelty that the shows all lost money.

THERE are undoubtedly many persons able to give evidence relating to the training of performing animals who are deterred from doing so by the fear of publicity or of losing their position and income. This, too, even among the true friends of animals, is accounted to natural diffidence and is to be expected. It should be borne in mind, however, that information given to the S. P. C. A. or Humane Society is invariably treated as confidential.

"REAL RODEO" IN CHICAGO

A LONG list of human casualties, one female performer killed, injuries, sufferings and torture of unoffending animals too numerous and too gruesome to record, a daily stampede of men, women and children for place to see the "real rodeo," this, in brief, summarizes the program presented at the Chicago Stadium and sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce. This vicious and degenerate menace to the better American spirit of fair play and decent diversion appears to have flaunted itself to good advantage under such favoring auspices, even in the face of opposition that will not be suppressed or stifled. Whether cause or corollary, it will be associated with the reign of violence, ruffianism and lawlessness that has prevailed. Twice has it been "on trial" in Chicago, and twice "found guilty." What is its effect, what its influence, upon the community? To quote the words of a good authority:

"Every spectator is the worse for being one, a little harder, a little more ruthless, a little more indifferent to the suffering of other creatures, a little more reconciled to injustice, to cruelty, to the pain and blood of helpless creatures."

Join the Jack London Club and register your disapproval of cruelty in trained animal acts.



International Newsreel

IN THE ABSENCE OF SPECIFIC LAWS PUBLIC SENTIMENT AND CENSORSHIP WILL
ERE LONG STOP THE PRESENTATION OF UNNATURAL AND ABNORMAL STUNTS
THAT WILD ANIMALS CAN ONLY BE TAUGHT IN A SCHOOL OF CRUELTY

A PERFORMING TIGER'S LIFE

A GREAT service would be rendered if those who witness any cruelty or any acts of an objectionable nature in the training or exhibiting of performing animals would report such observations to the Jack London Club. The following account is that of an eye-witness who communicated the facts to the Performing and Captive Animals' Defence League:

Three magnificent tigers were driven into the usual iron-fenced ring through an iron-barred tube from the traveling wagon which was their den. The proprietor sat beside us and explained that there was a fourth, but it was a long time since they had brought it out because he had lately bitten the trainer, and he was sure he would never venture to have him in the ring again.

"They live like princes," he told us, and they certainly were plump. He pointed out to us that the trainer was using a guard-stick twice the usual length, as the tigers were in a dangerous state. Iron forks and prods were laid in readiness, and he went into the ring with the usual pistol and whip and the long guard-stick. He commenced by slashing the whip, and from our viewpoint behind him we saw these handsome, fierce creatures flinch and shrink: one of them evidently knew the sting of the whip across the eyes.

Then, after ten minutes' senseless posing on stools, the tigers were driven back to their den. The trainer took his applause, and came round to us. My friend said how much it pained her to see such a turn, and how she wished that he might be persuaded to give it up.

"I wish I could," he said. "I have been mauled badly twice, and you see I have lost an eye, but—it is my living. In a few weeks tents will be struck and the wagons will go

lumbering along the white roads over the many weary miles that lie always between this town and the next. This, the only interlude in the twice-a-day shows of my tigers."

Picture these magnificent creatures, once roving free in their forests—trapped—sold—shipped—trained—and condemned to pass their lives until the end comes, shut eternally in their traveling wagon, save when twice a day they are made to slink through the iron-barred tunnel to show themselves to the public as terrified, cowed, snarling brutes forced by a slashing whip to jump and sit on stools. Is it worth it?

If only the children and others who go to see such shows would think, they could only feel intense pity. Such entertainments can but provide sadness instead of pleasure. In taking the wild creatures' liberty, we have nothing to offer them in return; companionship cannot exist between them and man, as with the domestic animals. F. K. H.

THE Jack London Club is composed of members who pay no dues but simply pledge themselves to leave a theater or any place where trained animals are compelled to perform unnatural acts. All one has to do to belong to this club is to agree to this. It is hoped all members before purchasing tickets at any theater or place of amusement where performing animals are ever exhibited, will ask if any such features are on the program, refusing to purchase tickets if the answer is in the affirmative. The vicious and cruel exploitation of animals can be boycotted from the public stage. Send your name for enrolment to *Our Dumb Animals*.

THE HOUSE CRICKET

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

THE cricket chirps a frail sweet note
Beside our embered hearth tonight;
His song is of the blossom days
Before the oaks are bronze and bright!
He hears the lone wind in the trees;
He hears it sweep the upland glen!
The outside world is shivering,
And so it's good to dwell with men!

Another fagot, 'Liza, dear,
In honor of the hearth-side guest;
Another fagot for the song
That lulls to slumber and to rest!
I love to sit before the grate
And muse of winter days ahead;
I have a vision of it all
In coals that flame a rosy red!

My pipe will curl to dreamful smoke;
Eliza's hands will busy be,
While yonder on the evergreen
The snowy boughs peer in at me!
Then ah, the little harp within
The cranny of the cabin wall;
The little harp will ring and ring—
The cricket sound his evening call!

BIRD-BATHS FOR COUNTRY CEMETERIES

LYDIA JOANNA SEILER

ACEMETERY is more than a city of the dead. It is a city of the living, the favorite home of our little feathered friends.

I have just come from a walk through a country cemetery and was delighted by the many and varied birds there. They were singing and hopping everywhere. Every tree and bush had at least one nest, and some trees were so crowded with nests that they made me think of modern apartment houses with a family in every flat. A country cemetery is such an ideal place for birds, for it is free both from the usual household pests, cats and pillaging little hands, and from the wilder enemies of the forest.

But one lack struck me forcibly. I had got some water from a pump and watered some flowers in an urn, and was surprised to see several robins and a pair of mocking birds try to obtain a few drops of water before it seeped into the soil. Filling a basin with water I set it down close to the urn, and then watched from behind a tree. One pair of sharp eyes after another discovered it, and soon there was a whole flock of birds drinking and bathing in the water. I looked about and found that this pump was the only means of procuring water in the cemetery and since no vessels or bird-baths were supplied this was of little use to the birds. And this, I believe, is the usual condition in country cemeteries.

It would cost so little to supply country cemeteries with simple bird-baths. They might often be made from some unused material and the only cost would be the labor involved. Surely a few hours and dollars are not too great an expenditure to make the severe struggle for existence of our birds a bit easier.

The vitally important work for us is the humane education of the millions of boys and girls who are to be the future citizens of the state.

Animals In The Yukon

A. A. GILLESPIE

THERE are few places in the world where animals, both domestic and wild, are afforded more protection or kindness than in the Yukon. Perhaps it is on account of the fact that Northerners realize to a greater extent the faithful and important part that our

killed as many of the helpless animals as they could, not satisfied with one or two for their own use but intent upon seeing who could kill the most before the band reached the opposite shore. The purposeless slayers might have gotten away with their little game had it not



HERD OF CARIBOU SWIMMING THE YUKON RIVER

beasts of burden have played in the development of this vast hinterland. Then, again, it may be on account of the fact that they appreciate the more the attachment between man and beast. Take the case of the dog for instance. In this North country the dog is a real pal to his master. Nowhere else in the world does this statement hold so true.

During the long, cold months of winter the prospector or the miner finds real companionship in his husky dog. The two become inseparable friends. The same applies to a faithful horse. Their masters grow to love their equestrian disciples and it is this regard which they display for their mute servants that makes the animals in turn loyal and faithful to their masters.

There are many other examples in the domestic family that might bear the same comparison; that of fellowship between master and beast. But we must not forget the animals of the wild.

In the Northland the woods abound in hundreds and thousands of these animals, ranging all the way from the tiny weasel and other miniature fur-bearing animals to the big, fleet-footed caribou and moose. In the Yukon, as in other northern lands, many people rely upon these animals for their winter's meat supply. Despite the fact that most people treat wild animals with a certain basic and established code of ethics in connection with the killing, there are still some who kill beasts wantonly and for the mere pleasure, as they call it, of just shooting them, without reason or discretion.

A good illustration of this recklessness in slaughtering occurred recently near Dawson. A large band of caribou attempted to swim across the Yukon river just opposite a little inhabited village. Three would-be hunters seeing the move immediately set out in a small gasoline launch and upon getting within range

been that after slaying the caribou they allowed the carcasses to drift down the stream. The case was reported to officials of the Royal Canadian mounted police who immediately reprimanded the offenders for infringement of the game laws and for their brutal slaughter. The offenders were all heavily fined, and justly so, for it is only fair that these beasts of the wilderness should be afforded protection against a lawless band of backwoodsmen who find delight in the merciless killing of docile creatures.

THE MOTHERLESS YOUNG

L. E. EUBANKS

WHILE there is no doubt about the value of a mother's guidance to baby animals, their chances when deprived of this protection are much better than is generally believed, and this because of certain instincts which were doubtless implanted to meet this very emergency.

A striking example of the ability in very young creatures to live without a parent is seen in the case of two little rabbits which were taken from the nest when but a day old. They got along splendidly, and without any "coaching" whatever soon began to wobble around and nibble at grass and oats.

Their keeper is certain that they never had been shown any of the things commonly done by rabbits, yet as soon as they were able to balance themselves they sat up, sniffed the air as rabbits do, and washed their faces with their forepaws, just as rabbits before them have done for countless generations.

To test the self-protective instincts the keeper tried to deceive the rabbits with food, mixing several sprigs of nightshade with the grass he gave them. This experiment was repeated a number of times, but not once did the rabbits fail to push aside the poisonous nightshade and eat the proper food.

On the Nature of Cats

HORACE JEWETT FENTON

ONE can not dismiss the subject of cats by saying: "Cats are cats." Maybe pigs are pigs, but cats are something more.

In my own household "Tabs" is unmistakably boss. Life there is just one job after another in his interest. I am continually getting up to let him in or out, for he is always on the wrong side of the door. It makes no difference whether it be highest noon or blackest midnight, if Tabs wails to come in or to go out, I must run to the door in order that peace may reign and he be happy. Tabs is rather choosy in his tastes, and they are always to be considered. If I do not like what is on the table, I have to eat it just the same. It is the way with married men. But if Tabs does not fancy what is set before him, he demands something else—and usually gets it. For example, if inadvertently I offer him a dish of table scraps, he takes one sniff of the mess, then turns round reproachful eyes on me as if to say: "Really, you know I don't eat such stuff." Then even I, who ought to know what is best for cats, find myself searching about for something else, canned salmon at twenty-five cents per pound, for instance, or shad roe at goodness knows how much. But then, Tabs is Tabs, and I am a soft-hearted fellow. Then, too, if Tabs happens to curl up in my lap after supper and go to sleep, as he frequently does, it is against the rules of the house to disturb him. I am then bound to the chair for the rest of the evening. My pipe goes out and I can not refill it; I am thirsty but can not go to the kitchen for a drink; a caller enters and I must apologize for not arising, for I am holding the cat.

All this might be very well if Tabs only helped to pay the bills. But he does not; he does not even catch a mouse. As a rule I believe house cats no longer catch mice. Why should they? Salmon and chicken livers are much more delectable and are served gratis. Why spend hours watching a mouse hole? Besides, it is a vulgar occupation, and even cats have a certain self-respect and family dignity to uphold.

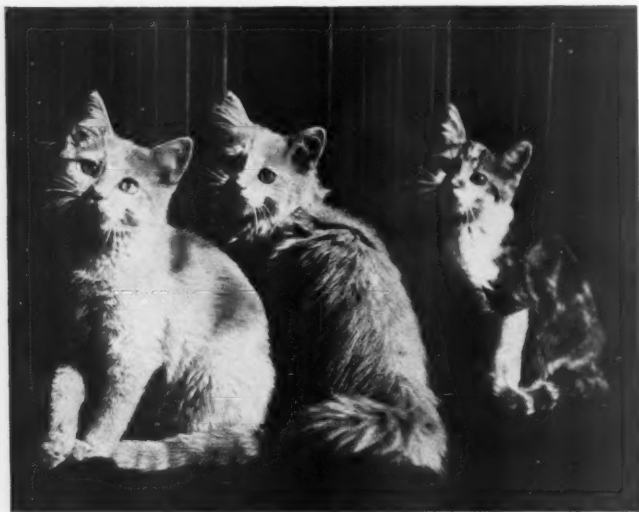
Dignity is the word. I have never known

Tabs since his brief kittenish days to appear otherwise than sober and dignified. It is as if the whole burden of family respectability rested on him. "Cheer up, old fellow," I sometimes say, "*le diable est mort*," but his staid, owl-like countenance never changes. Beyond a slight arching of the back, a gentle rubbing against my trouser leg, and a deep purring, he never shows any emotion. If I try to be jovial with him, say pull his tail or poke him slyly in the ribs, he simply puts on a bored expression and stalks away in solemn majesty. I do not see what pleasure Tabs gets out of life; he has no sense of humor.

Generally speaking, it is the nature of cats to do what they please. At least it is so with Tabs; independence is the key-note of his character. Whatever he does is entirely on his own hook. He wants it distinctly understood that he is nobody's slave. "Towser" will do pretty much what I tell him to do, but not so Tabs. To all my commands and entreaties he returns a look of superb indifference—unless he happens to be hungry. A self-centered, self-contained, self-sufficient, superior sort of being is Tabs.

Why do people keep cats? I put it categorically, as it were. Why do I maintain Tabs who is long mainly on his short-comings? Well, I believe I keep Tabs for the same reason that I keep a piece of bric-a-brac on the shelf or a piece of useless furniture in the parlor. He is one of the family treasures. Then, too, a cat lends such an air of domesticity to a dwelling. A cat purring on the hearth is a sign of peace and contentment there. A house without a cat is like a house without children. The inhabitants may appear to get along reasonably well, but one hundred per cent bliss is not there. A dog on the front porch is often a sign to keep away; a large fat tabby purring there is an invitation to come in. In large measure a cat is an index of the hospitality of a home; an inhospitable family seldom maintains one.

So I continue to maintain Tabs, the last of a long line and not remarkable for beauty or talent, and on him the family affections are centered. He is a perfectly useless piece of furniture, but he has a comfortable look and somehow his presence seems to invest the house with a peculiar sense of peace. When I see Tabs stretched out before the evening fire, dozing, gently purring, I feel that all's well with the world. Although he is only a cat, solemn, self-centered, independent, receiving rather more than he returns, still he is one of the family circle. Around him, somehow, the heart strings have become knotted, and they are very, very tender.



A TRIO OF FELINE LOVELINESS

Owned by Mrs. N. H. Dunning, Los Angeles, California

SOLILOQUY OF AN ALLEY CAT

RHEA SHELDON

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these."

ALONE . . . unwanted and unloved.

Mangy . . . suffering . . . kicked about . . . sore in mind and in body. . . .

I cannot go into that back door . . . for last week the man in there kicked me. I can feel the ache still.

In that yard, the woman was a little more tolerant. She threw me a bit of stale bread. . . . I wonder if she is home, I shall see.

The day is so drizzling and wet, I am cold, I cannot journey far today.

At that door, a little child squeezed me. I thought it was love, but she hurt me, so I knew that she was only teasing me.

I shall not go her way again.

The man who lives in that house owns a big and ferocious dog.

He does not care for cats.

I wonder if there is a warm corner somewhere in the world for me?

I shall sleep in this old can tonight and perhaps tomorrow the sun will come out and some one, somewhere, will be kind and give me food and give me love.

My little life is very precious to me.

DIED OF A BROKEN HEART

MY gardener's wife, who died the other day, had a little half-breed Irish terrier that never left her, day or night, writes Wm. Tower Townshend in *The Spectator*, London. Nobody but she fed it; the pair were quite inseparable. When the poor woman fell ill and remained in bed, the dog showed the greatest uneasiness. It went up and down to her bedroom all day, constantly whining.

After she died they brought her down and laid her out in the kitchen to what they call in Ireland "wake her." The dog, seeing her body lying there, went up to her, got on his hind legs as if to examine her, then gave the most piteous howl, and fell over dead.

This pathetic story can be vouched for by some dozen people, who were present at the wake, and it makes one feel how true are the words: "It has pleased the Almighty to endow the dog with two of His own most divine attributes, unchanging constancy and unpurchasable love."

QUEER DOG TAXES IN BERLIN

ALL the clamor of the numerous dog owners of Berlin against the high taxes imposed by the municipality upon their pets appears to have been of no avail, as the new rates have been approved by the highest city authorities, says the *New York Times*.

Effective from July 1, the price of a license good for three months is 15 marks (at 23.8 cents each) for the first dog, 30 marks for the second owned by the same person, 45 for the third and 60 for each additional one.

Concessions have been made, however, to childless couples and individuals more than 50 years old, having an income of less than 1,200 marks a year, and to deaf persons. Such dog owners need pay only one-fifth of the regular rate.

TO A CAGED WILD-BIRD

LOUELLA C. POOLE

O LITTLE bird, with wings too frail
To beat against the bars
That hold you from your flight among
The trees and clouds and stars,

I would that I could set you free
To follow your desire,
Sweet bonny sprite with voice of rose,
Of silver and of fire!

Alas, that man should captive hold
So fair and blithe a thing,
Framed to sojourn across the blue
On gay ethereal wing!

THE CATBIRD AS AN ACTOR

LORENE SQUIRE

THERE is an elusive mystery about the catbird. I see him as a gray shadow drifting along the garden wall and disappearing in the grape arbor. A song resembling the varied melody of the mocker comes to my ears, then a feline mew and again a song. I see him a pert dapper fellow, preening himself at the bird-bath, and yet again as a clownish scalawag with his tail and wings out of joint and every feather at the wrong angle.

Ever since I can remember, catbirds have haunted our garden. I have observed their coming in the spring, their courting time, and their nesting-time. In the autumn they come by the dozens to feed upon our grapes. Yet the more I observe the catbird the more he mystifies and interests me.

His aspect is ever changing—one moment a clown, the next a sneak, then a trim aristocrat, a dainty nymph, a prankish school-boy, an elusive shadow, now here, now there.

His changeableness is confusing and in marked contrast to the robin, a common unpretentious fellow who never thinks of harassing the bird student by suddenly becoming something else every few minutes.

The catbird seems to be an actor who plays an unlimited number of roles in such a convincing way that one can never decide just when he is being himself.

THE crying sin of omission of most clergymen today is their silence regarding the inhumanity of men to animals.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

What Shall We Do with the Blue Jay?

Read the Opinion of ALVIN M. PETERSON, Nationally-known Expert and Writer on Birds

Photograph by the Author

THE blue jay, in spite of its name and the title of this article, is an aristocrat in black, blue, and white. But the combination of colors of its suit is a happy one, making the blue jay one of our most attractive birds. Its black collar, prominent crest, and white-tipped tail feathers are very noticeable. This bird is a permanent resident, to be seen the year around, winter and summer alike. I can see how in summer its appearance may fail to elicit admiration. There are then so many other bright-colored birds to be seen—birds that were not to be seen during the winter months. But in winter, the proposition is quite different. Then if you go for a walk the only birds you hear and see are the hairy and downy woodpeckers, the nuthatch, chickadee, a few juncos and tree sparrows, and possibly one or two other birds. And of all these the blue jay is perhaps the most attractive and conspicuous. Excepting, of course, the tree sparrow, junco, and chickadee, none of these birds are songsters. And of them all, the tree sparrow comes nearest to being gifted of song. So the fact that the blue jay cannot sing should not be held too strongly against it. A blue jay bustling and calling in the winter woods adds color and life to the forest. Shouldn't we be thankful for this bit of life, when stagnation and cold are everywhere?

I confess to a strong liking for the blue jay. We have for many years had them for near bird neighbors. In summer, they nest in the grove and visit our bird-bath. At the present moment, a pair have their nest in an oak but a short distance from the house. As I write I hear them calling, "jay, jay." In winter they roam the near-by woods searching for food. Then they often visit our feeding devices for a hearty meal of suet and oatmeal. They seem to know they are perfectly welcome. We like to watch them at the bird-bath, are happy to think they nest near us, and spend considerable time studying them. In fact, we feel toward blue jays just as we do toward the robins now nesting in the grape-vine off the west porch, and the bluebirds hard at work feeding their young in the bird-box but a rod from the house.

I suppose I like blue jays for the reason that I take them as I find them, not as they are

painted by many people. At the bird-bath and food tray we find them peaceful and well-mannered. They seem less quarrelsome than some of our other feathered guests. And when nesting they are quiet, secretive, shrewd, yes, and peaceful. They seem to attend to their own affairs pretty well.

I have taken several dozen photographs of blue jays, both old and young. One jay became so tame that I could touch her as she brooded her young. When I set my camera near the bird-bath, jays often perch on it, peck at its bright metal parts, or swing on the line I use for operating the shutter. How they call when they discover the feast we prepare for our winter bird neighbors—they always invite their friends and companions to join them. Young jays I find to be pretty, quiet little fellows, altogether lovable. Often blue jays fly in on the porch in search of food. As the porch is screened, they sometimes fail to find their way out through the door again. Then I often catch them, pet them a little, after which I give them their liberty.

There is another reason aside from their appearance, hardness, neighborliness, that accounts for my liking for the jay. They are so many sided, there is so much to learn in regard to them. They are shrewd, hardy birds. And what a variety of call, conversational, and alarm notes they have! These range from their simple "tee, tee, tee," "here, here," and "jay, jay," to their "ge-rul-lup, ge-rul-lup," or is it "de-vel-op, de-vel-op"? Carefully study the blue jay whenever you get the chance and see if there is not much to be admired about this bird.

Were we ready to jump at conclusions, we might easily find excuses for persecuting jays. Our robins are only too ready to drive blue jays far from their nest. In this they are helped by our bluebirds. One might argue that birds know their enemies better than we. But our bluebirds, I notice, drive chipping sparrows from the vicinity of their nest. Now chipping sparrows certainly never harm other birds. Who can imagine them robbing the nests or otherwise molesting bluebirds! They are too small, gentle, and confiding for that. The fact is that practically all, if not all, birds try to keep other birds away from their nests, so naturally do not favor the blue jays.

There are others ready to condemn the blue jay. But I am for this bird until I have proof that he is not fully as good as many other birds with much better reputations. A man is held innocent until he is proved guilty. Should we not be as fair to the jay? And as there are human beings who murder and rob, is it not likely that there are a few lawless birds? The fact that some people are lawless does not prove that we all are, and that we all should be hung or locked up. Why not punish birds actually found guilty of wrong doing, but study, admire, yes and love the rest, blue jays as well as robins and bluebirds and meadowlarks!

Now would you be,

If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

SHAKESPEARE



BLUE JAYS FEEDING IN TURN

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

OCTOBER, 1926

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

DEHORNING CATTLE

WHY should not this painful operation ultimately be abandoned? There is no question that in a state of nature originally the horns were a needed means of defense. Today the horns are a source of danger to members of the same herd when they often gore one another. Especially when cattle are being shipped serious injury frequently occurs.

Breeders of fancy stock could easily arrange to have the absence of horns cease to count against points in the show ring. To stop the growth of horns in the young calf under two weeks of age is so simple an affair, and the animal grows up so much less inclined to be pugnacious, that we wonder it is not generally practised. A bit of caustic potash rubbed on the dampened spot where the horn is to appear—rubbed only till the skin appears red, not broken—and no horn grows. It has even been suggested that to end this custom humane societies offer substantial prizes for polled cattle exhibited at cattle shows and fairs.

WHERE KINDNESS IS CRUELTY

THE experience with dogs at our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital convinces us that the majority of the cases brought us, except those due to accident, are the result of overfeeding, perhaps even more than wrong feeding. One sees almost daily on our streets dogs whose owners are killing them by kindness. Of course dogs like candy and other sweetmeats, and, unlike their human fellows, are not supposed to know that they are better off without them, or that they should be indulged in only on special occasions. Simple food and not too much of it is what the really kind owner will give his dog. One good meal a day, never more than two, one of which is a light one, with sufficient exercise, will save the dog from many an ill and so prove the genuine kindness of his master or mistress.

WE wish the New South Wales R. S. P. C. A. speedy success in its efforts to stop the cruel practice of live pigeon shooting matches whenever they occur within its jurisdiction. This is a form of so-called sport long since made illegal in nearly all civilized countries. The New South Wales Society is doing a splendid work in the humane field.

ROBERT G. PRATT

FROM two letters written by Mr. Robert G. Pratt, a manufacturer of Worcester, Mass., we select the following paragraphs:

"In what ways does the dumb animal differ from man?

"He hears, sees, breathes, walks, speaks (in his own language), thirsts, hungers, seeks food, rears offspring.

"He does not erect buildings, manufacture machinery or read books—nor did Adam and Eve—but most animals are capable of constructing abodes well adapted for their own needs and for the needs of their families.

"My Scotch terrier has not the intelligence of humans, but I am convinced that he is capable of thinking, has ideas, and can discriminate between friend and foe.

"Twenty-five years ago at 'Old Harvard,' I shared with my roommate the companionship of two fox terriers—'Satan' and 'Barabas' (nicknamed 'Babs'). They were the joy of our college life and, no doubt, were largely responsible for my present keen interest in the humane treatment of dumb animals.

"It seems to me that cruelty to animals is about as criminal as cruelty to humans. No doubt animals are a lower form of life, but do they not feel pain equally with human beings?

"Kindness to Animals' is my slogan, and I have pledged myself to the work of preventing cruelty to animals in every possible way."

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS" LISTED

WE are pleased to see *Our Dumb Animals* included in the suggestive list of magazines recommended for schools, in a recent publication of the Department of Education, State of Kansas, setting forth the detail of requirements for standardization of rural and graded schools.

SHORT MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

ONE of the principal causes for rejection of manuscripts by *Our Dumb Animals* is that they are too long for publication in a periodical where everything has to be presented in condensed form. We can use two manuscripts of 400 words each, or four manuscripts of 200 words each, to one manuscript of 800 words. Brevity is the soul of many things besides wit. It is essential for would-be contributors to this periodical.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

THE MERCILESS AUTOIST

IN the public press we have called attention to a letter protesting against the needless killing of small animals on public highways by drivers of cars who could easily have avoided them. The letter was written by Mr. Amos F. Scribner, connected with the John Hancock Life Insurance Company. In commenting upon this letter we said that our observation was that the most of this occurred at night and in many cases possibly was unavoidable. Mr. Scribner writes again saying, what is unquestionably true, "The excuse that it was dark is merely an excuse, for the places where these little creatures are killed have no street lights and every stone an inch high even is clearly outlined under the glare of the powerful headlights of the car. I cannot declare myself strongly enough. My only hope is that our little animal population will not be entirely wiped out before I may be able by some stroke of luck to help. I am sorry to say that there are many good men and women as far as morals are concerned who have no appreciation of our animal life."

We thoroughly sympathize with Mr. Scribner and devoutly hope his calling attention through *Our Dumb Animals* to this needless and often pitiless destruction of innocent and generally beautiful animal life may speedily result in lessening the evil.

THE BAGGING OF COWS

IN England they say "Overstocking of Cows." This means allowing cows to go so long without milking that their udders, overcrowded with milk, will appear as evidence that the animals are large milkers. That this is, when too long continued, a cruel practice we have never doubted. Never, however, have we been able to secure the evidence that would convict in court. We are therefore glad to learn from *The Animal World* that the British Ministry of Agriculture has sent out a memorandum to all chief officers of police in England suggesting that "in suitable cases the practice may be dealt with by means of the Protection of Animals Act." The same memorandum has also been sent to all the local branches of the Ministry of Agriculture inviting them to co-operate, through their offices, with the police with the object of stopping the practice. While England may be behind us in dealing with certain forms of sport, she many times goes beyond us in her protection of animals. Perhaps some day in this country the practice will be dealt with as it should be. That it causes pain and suffering when protracted over a given number of hours, we are confident. The cattle men have little difficulty in finding witnesses who will testify, however, to the contrary.

U. S. POSTAGE STAMPS, PLEASE

STRANGE as it may seem, we are constantly receiving manuscripts from Canadian and English writers who enclose the stamps of their own country for return postage. We cannot believe that this is done in ignorance, but it seems to be inexcusable carelessness. Even less welcome are those offerings from writers who fail to enclose any return postage, whatever. All manuscripts should be accompanied by at least one U. S. two cent stamp, preferably attached to return, addressed envelope.

Kindness always pays good dividends.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
FRED'K M. STEARNS, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A.

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston
MRS. EDITH W. CLARKE, *President*
MRS. LUCIUS CUMMINGS, *Vice-President*
MRS. A. J. FURBUSH, *Treasurer*
MISS HELEN W. POTTER, *Secretary*

MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers	7,692
Cases investigated	613
Animals examined	2,651
Number of prosecutions	60
Number of convictions	57
Horses taken from work	78
Horses humanely put to sleep	106
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,085
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	22,029
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	24

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges gifts during August of \$100 from Mrs. H. A. C.; \$50 each from R. W., Mrs. H. N. S., P. L. S., and Mrs. C. H. W.; \$43.50 from H. D. P.; \$42 from M. H. T.; \$35 from Mrs. F. C. H.; \$25 each from Miss S. A. D., J. D. W., D. R. L., E. O. P., C. H. I., and a friend; and \$20 each from M. E., Mrs. H. J. S., and a friend.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Mrs. Mary Jackson of Cambridge and Edward Pierson Beebe of Falmouth.

The American Humane Education Society acknowledges a gift of \$400 from two New York friends.

September 14, 1926.

WATERING CITY HORSES

DESPITE the cool weather in August, nearly 10,000 free drinks were given to horses on the streets of Boston at the five watering stations maintained during the summer by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

Advice for sick and injured animals.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR AUGUST

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	780	Cases	1,926
Dogs	529	Dogs	1,533
Cats	214	Cats	365
Horses	29	Birds	20
Birds	7	Horses	3
Fox	1	Foxes	3
		Monkey	1
		Snake	1

Operations 431

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 58,777

Free Dispensary cases 91,756

Total 150,533

MR. LYG'S REPORT

WILLIAM H. LYG of New Bedford, State officer of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, reports the following cases investigated by him during August: Total number of cruelty cases investigated, 37; animals examined, 202; diseased and unfit animals destroyed, 13; diseased and unfit horses taken from work, 20; prosecutions for cruelty to animals, 8. Mr. Lyng traveled about 500 miles by motor, trolley and train. His district includes Fall River, New Bedford, Middleboro, Wareham, and outlying towns.

A TIMELY APPEAL

THROUGH the courtesy of many editors in Massachusetts, the following notice appeared early in September in the leading newspapers of the state:—

Abandoning Pets

A recent communication from the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals says: There are few who realize the suffering endured by the unhappy animals left often to starve and wander about in wretched condition by those who, having kept them at their summer places through the season, go back to their homes, abandoning them. It seems impossible to believe that anyone who has cared for and protected any creature for any length of time can be guilty of so heartless an action. While the law, in Massachusetts at least, expressly makes it a misdemeanor to commit such an offense, punishable by a fine, the Society hopes that this appeal to the better nature and feelings of those who read this article will be all that is necessary.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

ANNUAL FAIR, NOVEMBER 9

Tuesday, November 9, is the date selected by the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for the all-day Fair for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. It will be held at the Society's building, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, where the treasurer, Mrs. A. J. Furbush, will be pleased to receive articles to be placed on sale or cash contributions.

Among the tables to be in charge of various members are the following: white elephant, Mrs. Agnes Fisher; candy, Mrs. Charles Rowley; utility, Mrs. H. F. Woodward; food, Mrs. E. H. Woods. There will also be an apron table, cafeteria, and bridge.

A general invitation is extended to all friends of animals to participate in this annual event and to become acquainted with the ever-growing work and needs of the institution.

TEXAS BAPTISTS (COLORED)

WE have received copies of resolutions adopted by the Northwestern Baptist Association and by the Texas Baptist State Sunday-school Convention, both emphatically endorsing humane education and authorizing committees to call upon ministers and Sunday-schools to include humane teaching as a part of religious education. This action was taken by these representative Colored organizations at the suggestion of Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, field representative of the American Humane Education Society.

ELECTROCUTION OF ANIMALS

THE following communication was received from the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Edinburgh:

What do those suffer who die by electricity? No man knows. It is practically impossible to ascertain in advance either the vital or the electrical resistance of the subject, since these factors (vitality and resistance) vary with creatures of different species. It follows that each capital operation by means of electricity must be more or less experimental or uncertain, and, therefore, cannot be humane. It is true that the electrical death is cheaper and easier for the executioner. The verdict of those normal persons who have been so unfortunate as to get into the circuit, and who have lived to tell the tale, is, that the administration will inflict the most terrible torture upon the helpless subject. The testimony of men, who have been shocked almost to the point of death, as to the suffering they have endured, the fact that methods of electrocution are uncertain as to results on account of the varying conditions of animals and contacts, and the possibility of the current not killing until turned on a second or third time, leads one to the conclusion that animal electrocution should be strongly condemned by all who wish to prevent unnecessary suffering and torture. Recently a small dog was put back twice in an electric killing chamber before death ensued. With the certainty of the bullet, and the painlessness of chloroform, why risk the suffering that may accompany death by electricity?



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
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Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

WE have just published for the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, with headquarters at 1201 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., a new twenty-page pamphlet on "Humane Education," to assist in preparing programs on this subject. The pamphlet may be obtained from the national office, at the above address, or from the American Humane Education Society, Boston, for ten cents per copy.

An International Anti-Vivisection and Animal Protection Congress will be held at Philadelphia from October 17 to 20. Delegates from many countries will attend this important convention, which is held under the auspices of the American Anti-Vivisection Society.

HENRY F. LEWITH

Originator of "Be Kind to Animals Week,"
Most Active Humane Worker

*"Among the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere
Who without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast."*

LONGFELLOW

FRIENDS of animals everywhere will be grieved to learn of the death of Henry F. Lewith, perhaps the most active non-professional humane worker in the country, at Charleston, S. C., August 11 last. For a year Mr. Lewith had not been well, and six months before the end came he was stricken with apoplexy. Rallying from this attack, and able once more to issue his annual Be Kind to Animals Supplement to the *News and Courier*, of Charleston, he was found unconscious for the second time and taken to the Baker Sanatorium, where he lingered for several weeks. He was able to recognize his friends until the last few days, and his cheerfulness and often humorous comments almost disarmed the fears that his disease must prove fatal.

Mr. Lewith had been a journeyman printer in Charleston, but having been left a competence by his father, retired and lived modestly in his home in that city. He never married. He was very fond of animal pets, always having one or more cats and dogs about the house. He had become greatly attached to "Beauty" a handsome collie, whose picture has been widely reprinted in the press of the country in connection with his master's agitation of the Be Kind to Animals motto. It is pathetic to record that when Mr. Lewith was taken for the last time to the hospital, Beauty pined for him and died, apparently from sheer grief.

Those who knew Mr. Lewith realized that beneath external eccentricities there beat a warm heart as ever glowed at the thought of relieving distress and a tenderness for animals that became the absorbing passion of his life. About fifteen years ago he began trying to get some Humane Society of prominence to take up his idea of a special week to be set aside for the benefit of animals. His letters, persistent and often lengthy, were received in vain at many offices, until finally President Francis H. Rowley of the Boston organizations decided there must be some merit in the plea of a man who appeared to be so sincere. Accordingly the delegate of the American Humane Education Society to the national convention at Atlantic City, in 1914, was instructed to get a resolution passed endorsing a national Be Kind to Animals Week. This was done, in connection with a similar resolution, sponsored by Mrs. Mary F. Lovell of Philadelphia, for an annual Humane Sunday. The movement, thus nationally launched, grew with increasing importance until now the annual observance is noted by practically all the humane societies in the country, and many Governors of states officially proclaim the Week. Readers of *Our Dumb Animals* do not need to be reminded of the extent to which Be Kind to Animals Week has spread its influence, not only in this country, but in several foreign lands. And Henry F. Lewith, years before his death, became known as the Father of this movement. At first he kept his activi-



THE LATE HENRY F. LEWITH AND HIS DOG, "BEAUTY"

ties apart from his identity, but as the movement grew and his correspondence became welcome throughout the country, his name began to be associated with his good works and he yielded to the pressure of his friends that he should come out and be known personally to the organized humane workers. So he began attending the annual national conventions of the American Humane Association, and visiting headquarters of animal societies in the cities through which he passed. He became personally responsible for many forms of press publicity, notably his annual Supplement to the *Charleston News and Courier*, and offers of various prizes through established Societies, which, together with his gifts of drinking fountains to cities and other benevolences, in the aggregate must have meant many thousands of dollars in expense. But his chief contribution to the cause was the hours of time and the wealth of thought which he gave freely, often sitting up through nearly the whole night attending to details. He was raised in the South, and in the Hebrew faith, but to him all men, whether Jew or Gentile, white or colored, were the same, provided only they responded to the call for kindness.

So sensitive was his nature that there is little doubt that his knowledge of animal suffering, and especially of the indifference of those who should have been interested in preventing it, caused him actual suffering. He was but 48 when called to lay down his activities. Like Henry Bergh and Geo. T. Angell he seemed to have his mission in life born in him, and while he headed no great humane organization as did they, we believe it is not too much of a tribute to suggest that according to his opportunity, Henry F. Lewith is to be remembered in the class to which Longfellow referred when he wrote the beautiful lines quoted above.

The Morality of Field Sports

We reprint the following from the New South Wales R. S. P. C. A. Journal, being extracts from an article written by the late Prof. A. E. Freeman, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford.

I AM not going, though I feel strongly on the subject, to preach a sermon on cruelty to animals—a subject, by the way, which those whose business it is to preach sermons might with advantage deal with oftener than they do. I am neither a vegetarian nor an opponent of capital punishment. I have no scruple as to taking the life of either man or beast when real need calls for it. But I do wish to expose certain popular fallacies and inconsistencies, and to point out some historical and philosophical bearings on the question which might not strike every one at first sight.

In examining, either historically or philosophically, the subject of humanity and cruelty, it is impossible to separate the question of humanity and cruelty to man from that of humanity and cruelty to the lower animals. Between cruelty to man and cruelty to beasts there is doubtless a wide difference, but it is purely a difference of degree. Humanity in either case, cruelty in either case, is essentially the same feeling, arising from the same tendencies in the mind.

It is confessedly lawful to kill animals, either for food or in defense of our lives and properties. Such hunting as fairly comes under these heads has nothing to be said against it. My point is that modern hunting does not fairly come under either of these heads. It is not carried on for either of the ends which make hunting lawful. It is as distinctly a sport founded on a morbid love of slaughter and torture as the games of the amphitheater.

As soon as either war or hunting loses its purely defensive character—as soon as it is pursued, not distinctly for the public good, but as a matter of sport or out of sheer love of slaughter, as soon as suffering is needlessly inflicted or wantonly prolonged, it ceases to be a righteous and praiseworthy occupation, and comes under the general head of cruelty.

Now, will modern hunting stand this test?

It is not too much to say that there are many people who really look upon the killing of a fox anyhow but in the chase as an awful and almost unmentionable crime. This at once gets rid of any excuse that foxes are hunted in order to destroy a noxious animal. Instead of this, the animal is sought out, sometimes he is brought on purpose to the spot, in order that he may give "sport." He is pursued till he is worn out by weariness, and then he is put to death with brutalities equal to anything done in the bear-garden or the amphitheater.

Now, if this is anything but wanton and deliberate cruelty, I do not know the meaning of words. The essence of the "sport" is the needless fright, weariness, and suffering of a living creature.

To chase a calf, or a donkey either, till it is torn in pieces or till it sinks from weariness, would be scouted as a cruel act. Do the same to a deer, and it is a noble and royal sport. It is, as we have seen, a legal crime to worry a cat. To worry a hare is a gallant diversion. And men who would lift up their hands in horror at the wanton torture of a bull or a bear, deem no praises too high for the heroic sport which consists in the wanton torture of a fox.

That the cruelty is an essential element in the sport, that the presence of a suffering victim is needful for its full enjoyment, is not to be denied. Those who tell us that they hunt for the sake of a healthy exercise, could get that healthy exercise just as well by taking a gallop wherever a gallop may be had, without hunting anything at all.

I say, and without hesitation, that fox-hunting, which ages back may have been a praiseworthy means of ridding the country of a noxious animal, has, in its modern shape, degenerated into a sport of wanton and deliberate cruelty. Strip it of its disguises, and it is that and nothing else. What the sportsman does is wilfully to prolong the long past savage state in his own person.

The modern deer hunt is simply a run after a creature which there is confessedly no design to kill, but on which a great deal of fright and weariness is wantonly inflicted. The "sport" or pleasure to be found in such a piece of contemptible cruelty is certainly hard to understand.

It is a touching feature in this kind of "sport" that the hunted stag commonly takes refuge in the sea, the wrath of the elements being less to be feared than the wanton cruelty of man. But against that wanton cruelty the elements themselves do not afford a shelter. The luckless beast is pursued in boats, he is seized and dragged along till he either dies in the waves or is brought to land to afford fresh "sport" to his tormentors.

The advocates of humanity have a hard battle to fight, but I am not without hope. The good cause has made great advances. As in everything else, there are fluctuations and reactions.

SPORT

SOMEWHERE, in deeps
Of tangled ripening wheat,
A little prairie chicken cries—
Lost from its fellows, it pleads and weeps,
Meanwhile, stained and mangled,
With dust filled eyes,
The unreplying mother lies
Limp and bloody at the sportsman's feet.

HAMLIN GARLAND

I WON'T HURT YOU

BELLE WILLEY GUE

LITTLE fox, you needn't worry,
You can keep your skin.
You don't need to hide or hurry.
I don't care a pin
To be stylish and be cruel—
Murder you to furnish fuel
Idle praise to win.

As you are you're very pretty
In your fluffy coat.
Seems to me 'twould be a pity
Over you to gloat,
Hanging helplessly and limply,
Fashion's fads obeying, simply,
Round a woman's throat.

Your own fancy you can follow
Under bush and tree,
On the hill and in the hollow
From all traps be free.
Lesser lives are in my keeping,
Whether you're awake or sleeping,
You are safe with me.

Knowledge alone does not make men better, but kindness does. A handful of kindness is worth a bushel of learning.

SAVING THE WHITE-TAIL DEER

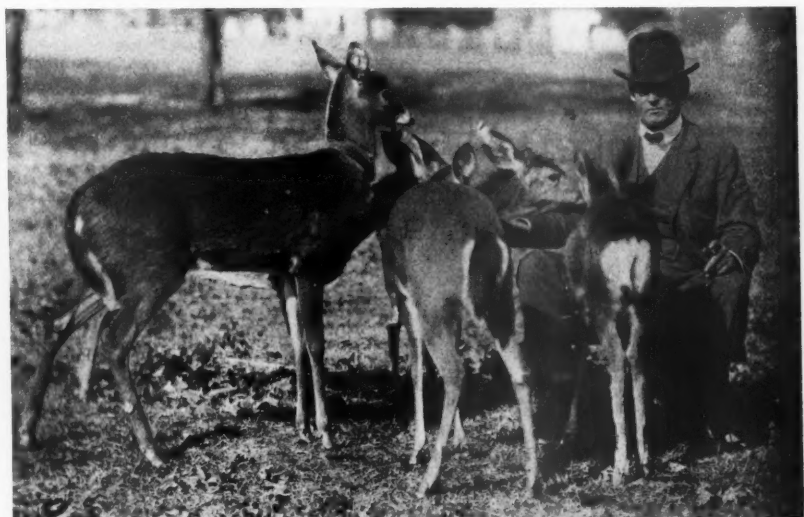
R. S. WEST

THE hobby of G. P. George, a lawyer of Hamburg, Arkansas, is keeping this small herd of white-tail deer. Mr. George has taken up the raising of deer in an effort to propagate more of these animals in the state.

He has purchased a number of deer from various parts of the United States, and their offspring are to be placed in protected areas over Arkansas. The United States Forestry Service and the Arkansas State Game and Fish Commission have assisted him in procuring several specimens.

Mr. George is a thorough champion of wild game that is fast disappearing from the state. He has never shot at a deer and will not defend a violator of the state game laws.

The deer he has are very gentle and range in an enclosure he has had built near his home.



HERD OF WHITE-TAIL DEER OWNED BY G. P. GEORGE, ARKANSAS

THE ANIMAL NOT IN THE ARK

HENRY CHAS. SUTER

IT is the zebroid, the only hybrid of the horse and zebra ever successfully raised, and accomplished by Dr. W. E. Hastings, on his farm at Mt. Vernon, Ind. He decided to attempt to combine the best qualities of these two animals, going to Germany for his zebra. He brought a zebra mare to his farm, but on the voyage across, the zebra hit her head on a bar in the cage, fracturing the skull, and shortly after reaching the farm, she died.

Dr. Hastings took another trip, and this time procured a Grevy's zebra stallion, getting it safely to the farm. It made itself at home, lived with the farm horses and mules, and submitted to work with them. It was crossed with white Arabian mares, with Percherons and common farm mares, the Percherons producing zebroids of the best stripe.

Zebroids look like the average mule, more heavily boned and muscled, with deep chest, large neck, broad shoulders and strong legs, and somewhat harder to break than common farm animals. Dr. Hastings first worked them to harrows and drags, hitching one zebroid in a team with three old mules or horses. At six years of age, his eight zebroids do farm work that horses can perform, and on the same feed. A whip has rarely been used upon them.

One good advantage in these animals is that coming from the strain of an ancestry that raced across the arid deserts in ancient days, they stand more heat than any other mule, and work harder than any other animal in the hottest weather.

Moreover this new mule not only possesses more endurance, but also as much intelligence as most mules. One of these zebroids was especially trained to jump, and can now sail over fences that no mere mule would ever attempt. They go docilely into harness, but when turned loose into an enclosure, they delight in displaying speed and proudly pivot around corners that a mule occupies, and playfully beat their forebears in outdistancing them quite easily.

Dr. Hastings finds it not advisable to turn them loose with horses because they might get hurt, but in spite of the playfulness and the liveliness of these zebroids, they are by no means wild animals, but very dependable workers. They can be haltered with little trouble and are easily persuaded to pose for their pictures. They willingly permit persons to climb on their backs. The animals are said to be valued at \$1,000 each.

WILL MEMORIZE HORSE'S PRAYER

FROM Houston, Texas, comes word that Theodore D. Meyer, president and general manager of the Humane Defense League, in issuing an appeal for humane treatment of animals, cited a case he witnessed recently on the Ship Channel at Manchester.

He said that as the grading teams were coming into the corral from their daily work, he noticed a fine looking horse that had been unmercifully beaten with loaded lines until its hind leg and flank were covered with blood. The horse, he said, was driven by a sixteen-year-old Negro boy. Mr. Meyer declared he talked to the boy and had him report at juvenile court the next morning, where Mr. Meyer conferred with the officers. It was decided that the boy be ordered to memorize the Horse's Prayer and report back to the court in thirty days and recite it.



ZEBROIDS AT THE HASTINGS FARM, MT. VERNON, INDIANA

ADULATION OF THE HORSE

LET us give a moment of adulation to the horse. How vitally has he been a part of the history, wars and romance of nations! With what intrepid courage has he stormed over the most sanguinary battlefields! What wise, stupid, noble, or tyrannical rulers has he served with equal patience, endurance and steadfastness! What great lovers has he borne swiftly to their tryst! But a few years ago we were told that the day approached that marked his banishment from those realms wherein he has reigned supreme for thousands of years, and lo, he is now even more securely enthroned. Nature smiled and opened a generous hand when she gave to man the horse.

Should we not cherish him, nourish his fiery strength, lead him to sweet water, and when his eye has dimmed and only his great heart leaps with undying ardor, humbly care for him until he reaches that pasture of eternal green that God has reserved for man's noblest friend.

MAJOR JAMES A. WATSON, U. S. A.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

HOME FOR CONVALESCENT HORSES IN GERMANY

GEORGE F. PAUL

THE care and kindness with which the Germans treat dumb animals are well known. In many towns, especially in south Germany, drivers are requested at the foot of the long hills to show consideration for their horses by taking one or two extra horses to help them pull their load up the hill. A home for convalescent horses has been built at Frankenberg, Saxony, to be used by the horses belonging to the municipality.

Whenever a new horse arrives at this haven of refuge, data concerning the animal are taken down and the animal properly listed. Clean quarters, the right kind of feed, thorough inspection and constant care are helping to make this home of genuine service to the city, and a real boom to dozens of faithful horses. The frontispiece shows the animals enjoying their dinner.

POLISH PEASANT KNEW HIS HORSE

IN "A Quaker Adventure: The Story of Nine Years' Relief and Reconstruction," by A. Ruth Fry, we read the pathetic account of how the Quakers worked devotedly to remedy what was too often the irremediable. They saw horrors—yet lit up by gleams of beauty, says a review of the book in the *London Spectator*. Here is one. In Poland they had been lending out horses to the destitute peasants, and in the last resort, the horses, when worked out, were sold. One old blind man had had the loan of one, heard that a sale was coming on, and with a son to guide him walked through the night hoping that he might buy it back:—

"Would he know the horse?" asked the Mission member. "Know it? Does a man know his own children?" answered the blind peasant. His hands trembled more violently than ever on his crooked stick. "I know every hair of it."

"There was silence while the old man went from horse to horse, feeling them and talking to them. Suddenly he was answered; the horse knew him, and he put both his arms round its neck and sobbed. Eagerly he produced a homespun linen bag; all the summer he had been saving, against hope. Mission members meet their buyers half-way on occasions like these. No foot stepped more lightly on its homeward journey than the foot of the blind man."

THE NAMING OF DOGS

MRS. EDITH C. LANE

PERHAPS very few lovers of man's best friend know how they obtained their names.

For instance, the bulldog was so called because in his earliest days he was used in the driving of cattle, and was trained to meet the onrush of a bull by grabbing the sensitive part, the nose. Here he would hang with his deathlike clutch until Mr. Bull was glad to go peacefully with the herd.

Many think the spaniel just happened by that name, when in reality it is on account of the first known of this breed being brought from Spain to England. For many years they were known as "Spanish dogs," then it was shortened to "Spanishers," and finally became spaniel, as it is today.

The German dachshund, now rarely seen, meant originally badger hound, "hund" being really German for dog, and those dogs were used for the drawing of badgers.

The fox terrier was so named as in bygone times he was a far larger, heavier animal than the average fox terrier of the present day, and was used by sportsmen to draw the fox, his sharp-pointed nose and sharp claws being splendidly adapted to burrowing into reynard's quarters, and his strong, quick legs equally fine for running down, while for scent I doubt if any bloodhound has keener.

In long past days big estates kept various sorts of hounds for their different purposes, as did the owners of large plantations in the south. "Coon" hounds, greyhounds, bloodhounds, deerhounds, etc.,—each breed was kept up to its top notch for its specific purpose.

The Dalmatian (coach dog) is a survival of "ye olden tyme," when we did a-traveling go, and needs must have trustworthy dogs to guard our coach, the while the driver, footmen, and men in general refreshed themselves within the tavern. So deeply inbred is their instinct to guard that even today a coach dog will lie down and guard even a doll buggy, and he performs his self-appointed task most thoroughly, too.

IT is recorded: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion."—Genesis 1: 26. Was it murderous dominion, or was it a kind, spiritual supervision with responsibility?—*Little Wanderer*

A GREAT DANE AND KITTENS

I HAD a Great Dane which developed some strange traits of tenderness, declares a writer in the *Dearborn Independent*. Out at my country place the children found a family of abandoned kittens in a ditch and carried them home. You know how unwelcome such things are, but the Great Dane seemed to share the children's regard for the little waifs. He began to mother them. He gathered them all within the curve of his warm body every night, and they snuggled in content. When they strayed too far, he used to round them back toward the house. When the children played too roughly with them, he seemed to know that even a playful cuff with his great paw would be too much for them, and he just gently pushed them away. At evening when he heard my car coming up to the gate, he looked along the drive, and if he saw any kitten walking there, he bounded over and moved it out of danger. It was one of those curious exhibitions of animal care which give one pause for thought as to what was at work within that canine brain.

BOWERY MASCOT'S BIRTHDAY

AT the Memorial Hotel of The Salvation Army, at 225 Bowery, New York, they recently celebrated the sixth birthday of "Bum," the Bowery dog, whose presence in the institution is looked upon by Brigadier Wallace Winchell, the superintendent, as one of the most important elements in his plan for regeneration for unfortunate men. Brigadier Winchell, at the hotel, gave the dog a special anniversary dinner, says the *War Cry*.

"No institution doing work for hard-up and hard-boiled men should be without a dog," said Brigadier Winchell, in discussing "Bum's" birthday. "There's a natural bond of sympathy between a man who is down and out and a dog who is down and out. I have often found that a dog will get to a man's heart when another man fails utterly to get anywhere. When I find that a man won't listen to me, I simply make him comfortable and 'sic Bum on him.' That is, I see that he has a chance to play with 'Bum,' and in nine cases out of ten there is something in the relationship that softens the man's heart. 'Bum' has thus helped me in reaching thousands of men during his six years here."

DOG TRAVELS 1,700 MILES

FREQUENT as are the instances where dogs are known to travel alone long distances to familiar haunts, it is always interesting to read of such feats.

Here is the story of "Pal," four-year-old pure bred Scotch collie, belonging to C. H. Spies, 940 Superior Street, Benton Harbor, Michigan, who last October accompanied Mr. Spies to Hollywood, Florida. In less than three weeks' time, Pal tired of the southern clime and disappeared. In exactly four weeks more, he put in an appearance at the former Spies residence on Broadway, Benton Harbor. But not finding the family at home, he continued his wanderings until the night of June 29.

On that night he walked past the S. & S. garage on Territorial Road, where he knew he might find his master, and suddenly surprised Spies by walking through the door and placing his head between his master's knees—an old trick of his.

Both dog and master were overjoyed at the discovery, and after positive identification had been made through a scar across the forehead, Pal was joyfully received by his family.

The manner in which Pal covered the 1,700 miles that separated him from his Michigan home will always be a mystery. Between Florida and Michigan lies a day and a half auto journey over high and rugged mountains. Two rivers—the Ohio and the Kentucky—intervene between the two states, but apparently finding none of these obstacles impassable, Pal carried on until he reached Benton Harbor at last.

When he finally found his lost home and family, Pal had dropped from 72 to 55 pounds in weight and his coat was matted and shaggy. The claws on his paws were worn smooth with travel, and his eyes had the tired cynical look that marks the disillusioned traveler.

But a rest, old friends and childish caresses soon cheered Pal, and after a luxurious bath, he lay stretched out on the front lawn eying with great disdain his less traveled companions as they passed his door-yard.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.



ROCHESTER (NEW YORK) SIX-YEAR-OLD LAD RESCUED THESE PUPPIES FROM STARVATION

Eleven puppies were abandoned by some heartless person in a dump in Rochester, N. Y. These four-day-old orphans, with eyes not yet open, were left to die, but thanks to a good Samaritan, Marvin Ideman, six years old, they are now in a good home and all are well and happy. They were nearly starved to death when found, but, by means of a baby's milk bottle, Marvin soon satisfied their appetite and is now bringing them up on the bottle.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Nine new Bands of Mercy were reported in August. Of these, four were in schools of Virginia; three in Syria; and one each in New York and Maine.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 156,947

HUMANE CLUB AT PLAYGROUND

THROUGH the efforts of the S. P. C. A. and Principal David Berber, a Humane Club was organized at Vacation Playground 150, Brooklyn, N. Y., in mid-summer.

The members all pledged themselves to adopt an animal and care for it for the remainder of the summer. They also promised to be kind to animals and give water to any needing it during the hot days.

Special privileges were extended to members of this club. They were given a lemonade party and were guests of the Brooklyn Dodgers. All things point to a pleasant summer for the dumb animals of Brownsville, says the periodical entitled *School*.

WHAT ONE BAND IS DOING

THE hot weather in no way retarded the very active work of the Band of Mercy in Elmira, N. Y. The members distribute literature, investigate cases of cruelty, find good homes for stray dogs and cats, and in every way possible attempt to promote kindness to animals. Mrs. Charles J. Mengler, the president, ordered a quantity of literature to be distributed at the fifteen playgrounds in the city on August 30, when the supervisors arranged special programs in connection with the Band of Mercy. The Band endeavors in various ways to enlist the sympathy and aid of ministers, school superintendents, and other influential people in the humane cause, and is making many plans for the future, including a tag day and parade.

"HARK! HARK!"

NO sight of it, only the song,
Hours long;
Hidden in the sun, yet near—
See, see the tiny trilling dot appear,
To disappear!

As if a pranking star had lowered it
By a thread
Over the listener's head
(Scarce swinging),
And then
Had pulled it up again,
Up, up, to the impenetrable blue,
And through—
Still singing!

LEONORA SPEYER, in "Fiddler's Farewell"



Photo by Gilliams

FATHERLESS CHILDREN ENJOYING THEIR PETS AT THE HOME FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF EX-SERVICE MEN, EATON RAPIDS, MICH. IT IS MAINTAINED BY THE VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS

MY GARDEN BATTLE-GROUND

ROBERT PRICE

THE little ruby-throated humming-bird is my favorite fighter among all the birds. He fights because he loves to fight. He is a good sport to the finish. He will tackle anything from a wasp to a crow, and mercy upon any individual who dares investigate his nest while he is around!

A flaming patch of red and yellow columbine in my garden is a favorite humming-bird haunt each summer. Usually there is one pair which takes, or attempts to take, sole possession. While the columbine is in flower, there is scarcely a time during the daylight hours when our little ruby-throat or his gray-throated mate is not hovering on guard. A dead rose branch in the center of the bed is the main lookout. Should anyone approach from the right, the sentinel hums over to a little peach-tree at the side. If we come from the left, he dashes off to the lilac at the other end. Not a trespasser misses his sharp eyes.

Time and again during the day, I hear a volley of fiery, sputtering twitters in the direction of the garden. Some alien hummer has dared appear. There is a clash of wings and beaks. Each little bundle of nerves dashes savagely at the other. Zip! Zip! They soar higher and higher, parrying and thrusting so fast that the eye can scarcely follow them, until they finally fade out of sight. Then in a twinkling they are back again. Usually my self-appointed guardian of the columbine, because of the priority of position, is victor.

A bumblebee irritates him exceedingly. He will dash at one with a fury which would surely send the needle-pointed bill through the intruder if the latter's smaller size did not aid him in slipping provokingly to one side.

Sometimes Mr. Bee does some sparring of his own and then a jolly little battle takes place. Ruby-throat sometimes succeeds in driving off his own kind, but he can rarely oust a bumblebee opponent.

Brilliant little duelists though they are, the ruby-throats are the victims of many a strange and untimely death. I have known of one dashing its life out against a mirror or a window-pane, probably in a fit of anger at the opposing reflection. Last year, I heard of a California lady who saw a big bass leap from a pool and swallow a humming-bird skimming close to the water. My brave little warrior, too, came to a tragic end.

It was late August. The ruby-throats had long since transferred their attentions to the delphinium, the petunias, the salvia, and other favorites. One morning, stooping over the gladiolus bed, I found my tiny friend hanging strangled to death in the sharp cleft between two sheathing, sharp-edged gladiolus leaves. Whether he had dropped too low while snatching insects from the blossoms, or whether he had fallen from some fiery battle above, I don't know. I lifted the brilliantly burnished little body and buried it gently there in the midst of the garden, the scene of many a valiant encounter.

A LAUGH

A LAUGH is just like music,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peaks of life with light
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.

ANON.



THE GUTTER CAT

ANNA GUY TAYLOR

AH, come ahead," urged Bill Simmons, "What's the use of wasting time over a dirty old gutter cat?"

It was not surprising that Bill was not attracted to the object upon which his friend was bestowing so much attention.

It certainly was not young or clean if one were to judge by its bedraggled coat and scrawny body.

"What do I care if it is dirty? It's got feelings," replied Jim, making another effort to free the poor animal's leg from between the bars of the grating in front of the butcher shop.

Nearly exhausted from the lack of food, it was hastening to procure a meal from the pail of scraps standing by the door.

"I know how it hurts," continued Jim, "Didn't I get my foot caught in a trap on my uncle's farm one time? You better believe I was glad when the hired man came to help me. Gee! I couldn't thank him enough when he got it out."

Bill sneered, "Take it from me, all the thanks you'll get is a scratch!"

Jim smiled and said, "Wait and see." Tenderly he put one arm around the prisoner, while with the other hand he slowly, carefully pulled the swollen leg through the narrow opening.

Poor old Puss! She could not tell Jim how much she thanked him, but the way she purred and rubbed herself against him, proved even to Bill how much she appreciated his kindness.

"Now where yer going?" queried Bill, as Jim took the cat in his arms and started in the opposite direction.

"Goin' home, to ask Ma to give it something to eat; it's hungry," replied Jim as he hurried off.

Some day, if you should be passing Jim's home, it would please him to have you step in and ask to see the "dirty old gutter cat."

Through kindness and good food it has developed into a handsome tabby who answers to the name of "Beauty," so christened by Bill, who, having had it proved to him that dumb animals do appreciate kindness, begged to be allowed to have a share in the care of it.

IF YOU WERE THE BUNNY

CLYDE OAKLEY

Age 11 Years, in *The Gap* (Australia)

DON'T shoot," said the rabbit, "It's such a bad habit, Although you may think it good fun; But you'd think it less funny if you were the bunny, And I were the chap with the gun."

AN UNUSUAL FAMILY

CLARA NEWHALL FOGG

WOODCHUCKS and rats live in peaceful happiness on a certain street in Bowdoinham, Maine. A family of rats have a home under an old stone wall, coming out after crumbs thrown to the birds. One day recently, a young woodchuck leisurely crossed the state road, taking his time between cars, found the rat dining-room, and ate peacefully through a course meal, in spite of the rats that soon appeared. When next seen, there were three woodchucks and as many rats, and so far this unusual family of diners has remained unmolested.

THE BUMBLEBEE INN

HENRY A. PERSHING

OH, a right jolly landlord was old Bumblebee
With his inn by the side of the way,
And his broad, honest face made his inn a great place
Of resort for his friends, night and day.

He served no refreshments, just lodgings, that's all,
But of rooms he had many a score,
He had big ones for Bees, and small ones for Fleas,
And everyone slept on the floor.

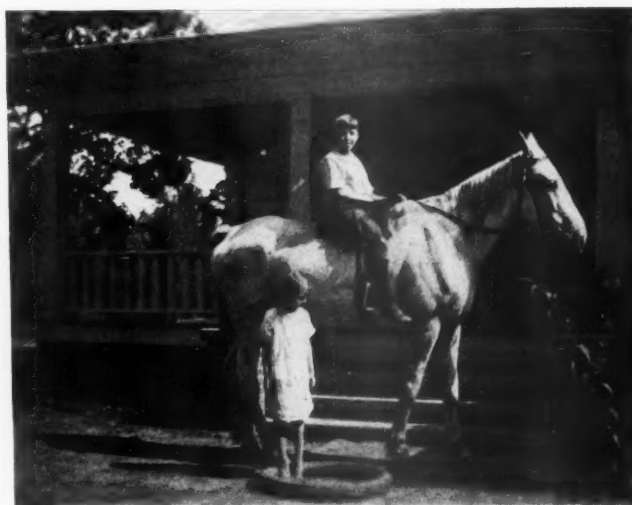
The Bees in the evenings, laden down with their honey,
Too tired to continue their flight,
Would offer their honey, instead of the money,
And Bumblebee kept them all night.

Some Ladybugs came, with tears in their eyes,
Their children and homes burned, they said,
Not a cent could they pay, but he made them all stay,
With a Firefly to light them to bed.

The Dragon-flies came from their swift, nervous flight
With big eyes as bright as brass balls,
"You're too long," Bumble told them, he'd no room that would
hold them,
So he put them to bed in the halls.

The Wasps and the Hornets and Bumblebees came
And filled all the inn with their song,
Grasshoppers dropped in, and Crickets hopped in,
And sometimes sang all the night long.

And thus every year, this inn of good cheer
To tired, weary workers has been
A thrice welcome home, as each year they come
To the famous old Bumblebee Inn.



"OLD DAN" VETERAN OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

The Industrious California Woodpecker

GEORGE BALLARD BOWERS

THE industry of the ant extolled in the Proverbs is now in dispute; but figures of speech need not conform to scientific fact when used in a poetic sense to illustrate a rule of conduct. But if a genuine model of industry were needed, the California woodpecker has the qualifications, at least that is what many bird-lovers say. All who have studied this aristocrat of the bird-world agree that it has all the qualifications of a model as enumerated by King Solomon.

The California woodpecker is unique in industry, "having no overseer, or ruler, provideth her bread in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest," not for itself alone, but for thousands of less industry.

This woodpecker is similar in appearance to the redheads found in the forests of the East and the Middle West, but it surpasses them in industry.

Its amazing industry lies in the habit of storing up food for the winter—as King Solomon admonishes—food meaning the cartridge-shaped acorns of the live-oaks. For each acorn it chisels out a hole which is so exact a fit that once the acorn is placed therein, man requires a chisel to get it out. Round and round the tree it goes, filling the bark as full as space allows, even the limbs are honey-combed. As many as 50,000 acorns have been counted in the bark of a single pine.

It would be interesting to know why this creature works unceasingly from daylight to dark storing up food in an amount far beyond its needs. The cause of its untiring industry is believed to be founded in fear of famine, or, perhaps, in a lack of judgment. Even habit has been suggested.

A few observers have suggested that the industrious little redhead raised its own bugs and worms, but this is no longer accepted as a fact, although many of the acorns stored become infested with insects. It has been shown that acorns are this bird's principal food, and that it chooses those acorns con-

taining good kernels rather than damaged ones.

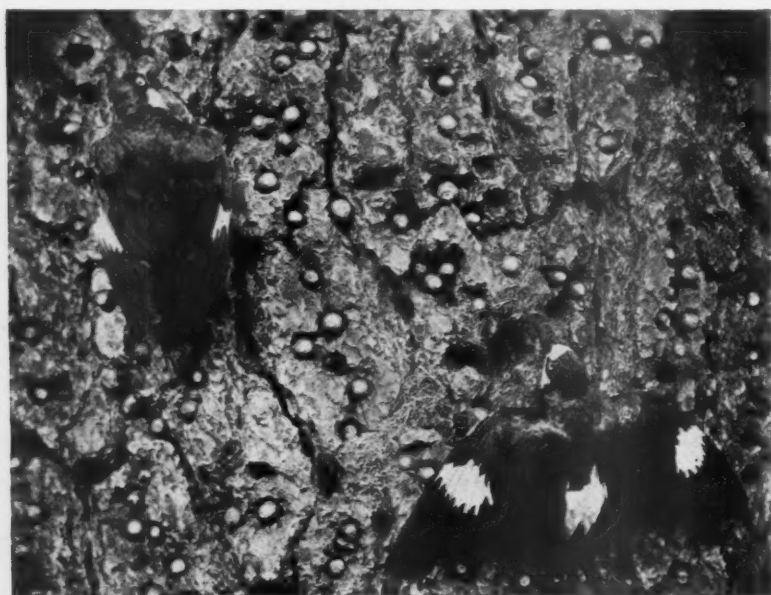
While this redhead is not engaged in gathering food, it is fighting, defending its stores against squirrels, wood rats, mice and less industrious birds. The rats and squirrels prefer the acorns stored in the dry bark to their own supply in the damp, mouldy burrows. It will fly furiously at a squirrel, and boldly attack a robber crow whenever its family, or food supply, is threatened. It never yields an acorn without a protest.

Of course, one must overlook the apparent ill-temper of the woodpecker because of its other good qualities, just as we view charitably the ill-temper of human redheads, and others, too. The fighting redhead has not been endowed with reason as we humans, but, nevertheless, it excels us—at least, the most of us—in industry.

NEW ITALIAN HUMANE JOURNAL

WE congratulate the Lombardy Association for the Protection of Animals upon the handsome appearance of the first issue (August) of their official 32-page monthly review, *L'Idea Zoofila e Zootecnica*. It contains many striking illustrations, the frontispiece showing St. Francis of Assisi among the birds. Information about animal protection societies in Rome, Como, Bologna, Naples, Bergamo, Ferrara and Milan indicates that these Italian cities are active in prosecuting humane work. The new publication is issued from Via Rugabella 11, Milan, under the direction of Innocenzo Cappa.

WORD comes from Mr. Ernest Bell, the well-known humanitarian publisher of London, that the English edition of the "Teacher's Helper" has been circulated to the extent of 15,000 copies, being now in its fifth printing. He adds, "We continue to circulate amongst the school authorities and teachers with good effect."



THE CALIFORNIA WOODPECKER AND ITS STOREHOUSE

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

HOW TO HUNT WITH THE CAMERA, William Nesbit.

The age-long vogue of testing one's marksmanship with death-dealing weapons has entailed irreparable loss to the world. The lives of the hunted, beasts and birds of nearly all lands and climes, have been the prey of civilized man, who has hunted and slain with remorseless prodigality until wild life of incalculable value, the rightful heritage of every generation, has been swept away, and much of it beyond recall. With the rapid extinction of our wild life, and the author of this volume admonishes us of the fact that about 98 per cent of all our game, except certain ducks and geese, has been killed off during the past fifty years, the truth is forced upon us that about all that posterity will receive as its legacy of game birds and animals will be what the camera hunter is able to capture and preserve before it is too late.

As a guide to all forms of outdoor photography this exhaustive work not only explains first principles, the necessary equipment, construction of various types of camera, operation and instruction for the amateur, but also leads on and up to the far advanced and more technical phases through which the professional has passed in achieving the masterly results of the photographic art of today. Throughout the book there are many reproductions of these finest of camera products that have ever been assembled. Birds, animals and other species, caught by the camera's eye in their natural habitats, rare specimens of jungle and veldt, which the intrepid hunter obtained by great perseverance, comprise this magnificent collection.

A considerable portion of the volume is devoted to the travels and adventures of African game hunters, the record of whose observations of the vanishing wild life and the splendid pictures, moving and at rest, that were brought back, are results of hunting that represent permanent value and tend to inspire and induce those who would see nature and her wonders and beauties at their best, to substitute the camera for the gun.

337 pp. \$10. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

TO SAVE CHICKENS FROM CROWS

IN his monthly news service for August, Edward Howe Forbush, director of ornithology for Massachusetts, reports a simple device for protecting chickens from crows, which is said by an observer to have been tried with excellent results. A few bricks were soaked in kerosene and then placed on the chicken range, about four or five bricks to the acre. The crows seemed to avoid these bricks. If there is anything in this it might be tried for a cornfield.

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